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Entire Undertaking Stock,

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Thomas Stagg,

will conduct the business, at the old Stand, on Depot Street, Stanford, Ky., and in the same building, in matters pertaining to funerals. The public patronage is solicited. It will be to the interest of all to give him a call before purchasing death here.

HE CAN'T BE UNDERSOLD

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Believe it to be BY FAR the best Parlor and Organ manufacturer to equal them. The celebrated Gold-Tone Harps in their organ in connection with the Parlor Organ, Room Organ, etc., are of the most powerful tones. New sets of new and elegant designs, and the prices are very reasonable. Agents should give prices lists and discounts. Desires will find it to their advantage to examine this instrument. Correspondence solicited.

Best offer given. Money refunded upon return of instrument. Agents wanted by me Daniel F. Beatty both ways if unsatisfied. Organ warranted for a test trial of five days. Organ warranted for six years.

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THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1876.

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A liberal deduction for each subsequent insertion.
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Prices to suit the times.

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R. P. GRISHAM
has again opened out at his old stand, at Rockcastle
River—Rooms all newly furnished.
GOOD STABLES & ACCOMMODATIONS
FOR DROVERS.

has well prepared to entertain all his old customers
and acquaintances, as well as the traveling public.
He generally, and invites a liberal portion of the
public to his inn.

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GEORGE SAMBROOK,
has renovated and refurbished the

LIVINGSTON HOTEL,
at Livingston Station; has good Stables and

Accommodation for Drovers

Priest of good hotel Hay & Co., always on
hand to receive the returning drovers. Drovers
stopping at this stand avoid the risk of exposing
their Stock by swimming the river previous
to their arrival. The priest is a good host,
and prepared to entertain his old customers and the traveling
public generally, and invites a liberal portion of their patronage in his line.

Dec. 24, 1876-1877

THE

CRAB ORCHARD HOTEL

Crab Orchard, Kentucky.

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Fare and Accommodations,
all that a Traveler
Could Wish.

Baggage Checked to and from Depot
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FIRST-CLASS in all its Appointments.

Fare \$3. to \$3.50 according to loca-
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AT—

Wholesale and Retail.

S. B. Matheny,

DEPOT STREET,

STANFORD, - KENTUCKY.

150-151

What Alex. H. Stephens Says About
the Political Situation.

As announced in the *Nation* of Saturday, Hon. Alex. H. Stephens has arrived in Washington, and is quartered at the *Nation* Hotel. Mr. Stephens has the suit of rooms on the second floor, facing Sixth street, the same that he used to occupy. A representative of the *Nation* called upon him Saturday, and was received in the most pleasant manner. Mr. Stephens expressed himself as pleased at the starting of an independent paper in Washington, and said he would watch the course of the *Nation* with the greatest interest. Mr. Stephens looked much emaciated, but his attendant says he is heavier than he has been for two or three years. His voice is clear and firm, and he chatted freely of the present situation and of the future prospect. When asked for his views on the situation, he said: "I don't think my opinion would have much weight at the North. They would not believe what I said, but I hope you Northerners will soon think better of the people of the South."

A young man who is a working temperance church, is a zealous temperance man in its pulpit. An active temperance church, with a wine-loving minister in its pulpit, would be as rare a curiosity as a victorious army with a drunken commander! A zealous advocate for the cause of temperance will preach it as a part of his gospel-message to his people. The Bible abounds in temperance texts; and every community abounds with people who need to hear them. One of the great duties of the pastor is to present the cause and curse of drunkenness. A part of his work is to create and keep alive a temperance conscience among his people. Such a pastor may not only look for genuine revivals of religion in his congregation, but also for a more extended influence upon the surrounding world.

A fearless, faithful pastor, who throws himself against popular sin, commands the popular ear and the popular heart. Let the career of a Tyng in New York, a Barnes in Philadelphia, Kirk in Boston, and a Hattie in Chicago, testify to the truth of the statement that ministers who bring God's word to bear against the great sins of the times must be heard and felt. He may drive from him for the time being, a few time-servers; he may awaken in the self-indulgent and lovers of lust some bad and wicked passions; but he attracts to him the warm-hearted, the truly philanthropic, and the spiritually minded. Drunkenness will persuade their husbands to go and hear such a man, and mothers rejoice to place their sons under his faithful ministry. It is not the man who drifts with the current of evil, but he who, like the firmly-anchored rock, offers his breast to the angry waves and dashing current, that is sure to arrest the popular attention, and command the popular heart.

A efficient church should have a well-organized temperance society. The title to membership should be the simple signing of an abstinence pledge. The church should make arrangements to hold public meetings in the interest of the society, secure the best lectures possible; but tickets of admission should never be used, because this would tend to exclude the very persons who most need the benefit of the lecture. The best possible music should be provided for all public meetings, and the pledge should always be circulated before the meeting adjourns. Such a war could only have one result. It would be the death-blow to our free government. Such a war would ruin our prosperity at home and credit abroad. Our bonds would be worthless. It would not be another war between the North and South. In that war the people of both sections spent their money freely in a war for the succession. Any one who had anything valuable would dig a hole and bury it, and leave the country, if possible. All confidence would be lost, and the bottom would drop out of everything."

Mr. Stephens was called upon by a large number of citizens and politicians during Saturday, his parlor being full until late in the evening. He expects to take his seat in the House of Representatives on Monday next. —[Washington Nation.]

THE CHAMPION MEAN MAN.—Our champion mean man lives in Montgomery county. He has been married four times. When his second wife died he split his first wife's tombstone and laid the two bodies side by side, and each with a half slab. When his last two wives departed, he placed them in graves head to head with the first two, so that the split tombstone would do for all four. He will not marry again, for fear he can not utilize the stone again in case there is another death in the family. His neighbors say that he buried his aunt at the foot of his gravestone, so that she would be useful as a nourisher of the plant. If this is true, our mean man beats the parsimonious Frenchman who, after blowing the fire, uses to put a cork in the nozzle of the bellows in order to save the wind for the next time; and he removes the scalp from the Cracksturner of Darby, who always saved the backbone of a shad in order to avoid buying combs for his family. —[Philadelphia Bulletin.]

Silver in Nevada was discovered very strangely. A woman picked up a stone to throw at her husband. It was so heavy that she examined it, and it proved to be a lump of silver; \$50,000 was the result of this to the country. The women must remember that there is no silver in this State, so no experiments.

H. W. Longfellow has been chosen poet for the Centennial celebration of Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga, October 18th, 1877. One society in London issued 389,500 Bibles in 1877.

It seems that it was not the invention of the wooden toothpick, *per se*, that netted the

The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, December 8, 1876.

The Evening Infamy.

Our readers who have been watching the course of public events, and are posted as to the conduct of the Returning Board of the State of Louisiana in former elections there, will not be surprised to learn that the Board in that State, whose duty it was to count the returns, have given the electoral vote to Hayes and Wheeler, and the seat of governor to Packard, the Radical candidate, and that, too, in the face of about 10,000 Democratic majority. Besides this, the Board "counted in" all the other Radical State officers and threw out four members of Congress who had been elected as Democrats by majorities ranging from 1,000 to 3,000. Whole parishes (counties) were thrown out entirely, which had given Democratic majorities, in order to overcome the result on the face of the returns. While this Board pretended to be acting upon the laws of the State and nation, they did not hesitate to violate those laws when, by so doing, their ends were to be served. They dragged along for over three weeks, trying all the time to invent new measures by which they might be enabled to deceive the country and pave the way for their crowning infamy, *to-wit*: the subversion of the will of the people by throwing out Tilden votes and counting in Hayes. But in doing this, they only obeyed the commands of their party rulers, who long ago, and at the beginning, told them to elect Hayes President, and Packard Governor, at all hazards. Some of our readers may want to know who composed that infamous Returning Board. To give brief information we inform them two are white men, and two of them negroes. The white men are mere imitators—carpet-baggers who are not worthy to unloose the shoe strings of their African conferees. By this high-handed and most villainous act we have the sad spectacle of four such creatures, clothed with a little brief authority, overriding and setting at naught the expressed will of a free people, and overruling a majority of over 10,000 of those who were duly elected. Has it come to this at last, that two carpet-baggers and two negroes have been clothed with power to settle the question as to who shall rule over forty-odd millions of people? If the rulings of the Louisiana Returning Board should hold good, and there be no appeal from it, then, indeed, is such the fact. Notwithstanding this base conduct of the Board, the *de jure* Governor of Louisiana, John McEnery, who was elected two years ago by the Democrats, but who was prevented from taking his seat as such by Grant's bayonets, will issue certificates of election to the Tilden electors, and both parties will present their credentials to Congress at the proper time, which body will pass upon the rights of the two factions. The Louisiana soundreels only followed the unlawful acts of their South Carolina brethren, in order to aid in carrying out the nefarious designs of their masters at Washington.

Last of all came little Florida, the land of fruits and flowers, where, it ever, a ray of hope should beam, but, with an embecile governor and corrupt Board, they dared not "go back" on the Radical managers, and hence the vote of that little State was likewise cast for Hayes and Wheeler. This endeth the first chapter, but a darker page does not stain the records of the yet unwritten history of our second century. The words we have to use in conclusion are necessarily brief. Hayes, according to the present status of affairs, is to be our National Executive after the 5th of next March. Will he be inaugurated peacefully? Will we have another civil war? Will the *three hundred thousand majority* which Tilden received be content to see a man inaugurated as President who has received his certificate by the means of the most stupendous frauds ever used in the elevation of any man to office since we had an existence as a free and independent people? For our part, we do not believe they will. There is "blood on the moon" even now. We know that the Radicals cling to the fort which has sheltered them and the infamous acts of their office-holders for nearly sixteen years, with an almost deathless grip, but right surely will, as it should in this and all other cases, triumph over might, even though that power be backed by the sword of the country. If the common sense and justice of the country should fail to give the Democrats fair play in this all-important matter, be the result what they may, the Democratic party can not and should not be held responsible for them.

The Brooklyn Theatre, N. Y., burned last Wednesday night, and there were between 250 and 300 people, men, women and children, perished in the flames. The loss or property was over \$250,000.

Civil Engineer, T. D. Lovett, of the C. S. R. R., has resigned his position, and the Cincinnati *Commercial* says that as he has been the bone of contention, peace may now be restored.

We are "reading up" in the constitution, but we've yet come to the clause which provides for the election of a president by return of boards.

CONGRESS.—This body met last Monday, with all the members of the Lower House present at roll call except thirty-nine, the most of the absences being from the far off States, and the greater part of whom arrived during the first four days. There are ten or fifteen yet on the road to the Capitol, all of whom will, perhaps, respond and take their seats on next Monday.

The first business in order, was the election of a Speaker of the House. Hon. G. M. Adams called the House to order, as there was no Speaker. The Democrats, in caucus last Saturday night, chose Hon. Sam'l J. Randall, of Penn., for Speaker, which was equivalent to an election. His chief competitor for the position, was Hon. S. S. Cox, of New York, but the former received 79 and the latter 63 votes, and was, therefore, elected. The Republican members complimented Hon. J. A. Garfield with their votes. This, of course, is a mere matter of form. The Speaker Randall, on taking his chair, delivered a short but excellent address to the House, reading it from the chair, thanking them for the high honor conferred. The closing sentences have the true ring about them, and express the feelings and sentiments of all Democrats, and the better and wiser elements of the Republican party. He said:

"We stand in the presence of events which strain and test the last degree of our forms of government. Our liberties, consecrated by so many sacrifices in the past, and preserved amid the rejoicings of an exultant people to our centennial anniversary, as one among the nations of the earth, must be maintained at every hazard. [Applause.] The people look confidently to your moderation, to your patient, calm, firm judgment and wisdom in this time, fraught with so many perils. Let us not, I beseech you, dispel their just expectation and their keen sense of right, but by vigilance prevent even the slightest departure from the Constitution and the law, forgetting, in the moment of difficulty, that we are adherents of a party, *and only remembering that we are American citizens with a country to save, which will be lost if unauthorized and unconstitutional acts on the part of executives will not be frowned down at once with relentless and unsparing condemnation.*"

Could the sentiments which animate and stir the hearts of every true patriot have been more modestly, yet forcibly expressed?

Immediately after these ceremonies, a movement was inaugurated to appoint Committees to go to Florida, Louisiana, and South Carolina for the purpose of investigating the manner in which the late election in those States was conducted. It will be the duty of those Committees to thoroughly sift the evidence by which the Radical Canvassing Board of the latter State gave the electoral vote to Hayes and Chamberlain in the gubernatorial chair, as well, also, to inquire into the acts of Kellogg's picked crew of soundreels in Louisiana and the acts of the illiterate Stearns, of Florida.

On the presentation of the credentials of the member of Congress from the new State of Colorado, objection was made to his being sworn in as such at present, and the motion to delay the matter for the time, being put to the House, it was carried—fifteen Democrats voting against the delay.

Senator Judd, of Kansas, a Republican, offered a joint resolution in the Senate, looking to a speedy revision of the Federal Constitution. That much abused and greatly misunderstood document, vulgarly called the "palladium of our liberty," needs a revision in several very important particulars, and it is highly probable that at the present session, something will be done to bring about a revision.

The death of the lamented Keer, former Speaker of the House, was suggested, and resolutions touching the sad event will be offered, and suitable eulogies pronounced in due time.

In the Senate a bill will be introduced for the purpose of so amending the Constitution as to give the Supreme Court of the United States the power to count the electoral vote.

Evidently there is need for a radical change, so as to take the power away from such men as now preside the Louisiana Board, to say who shall be president. We do not believe, however, that giving that power to the Supreme Court of the country would remedy the matter much.

Speaker Randall has appointed the three committees to go to the Southern States—fifteen for Louisiana, nine for South Carolina, and six for Florida. Only one Kentuckian is on either committee, Hon. T. L. Jones, of the Covington district, goes to South Carolina. They are all now en route southward. We look for a fair and full report from them, but will not likely get it before the New Year holidays are over. Nothing of importance was done in either branch of Congress on Tuesday, as the time was taken up reading the president's message. That message, together with those of the Secretaries of the Interior and Treasury, and that of the Postmaster General, were presented.

WHEN a grave United States Senator rises in his place and, by a misconstruction of the constitution, proposes a plan of counting out whole Congressional districts and their representatives elect in Congress, he ought to be prosecuted for infringement on Kellogg and Chandler's patent back-acting double duplex, present making machine. Senator Edmonds is the man.

We are now receiving the biggest stock of fire-works ever in Stanford, and the "old folks" say we children shall have a jolly celebration on Christmas day and night without fear of too many ordinances or brass-bottomed policemen. Rush for Christmas, Santa Claus and Re-readymobiles.

Tilden's inauguration may be doubtful, but there is no sort of doubt about our Oval Turkish Bath Soap being the best and cheapest toilet soap in America. Ten cents each, or one dozen for a dollar.

We are constantly adding to our already large stock of iron and woodwork,

LATEST NEWS.—The papers of yesterday report that the Governor of Oregon has issued a certificate of election to one of the Tilden electors. This will give him the required majority of 185.

IN THE THREE SOUTHERN STATES.—Louisiana, Florida and South Carolina. The Tilden electors cast the votes of their respective States for him, regardless of the action of the Radical electors. This action on the part of the Democratic electors will cause the whole matter to be thrown into Congress, and that body will have to determine which of those presented are genuine and which bogus—the Radical electors, or those of the Democratic party.

THE NINTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF THIS STATE.—This State has a greater population than the new State of Colorado, and yet the inhabitants of the Ninth District send only one member to Congress, while the latter sends two Senators and one member of the Lower House to make laws for the government of the people. Besides this, Colorado has three electoral votes, and helps to defeat Tilden in the efforts made by a free people to elevate him to the presidency. We are sometimes in doubt that we live in a Republic.

THE CONTINENTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—Of New York, one of the oldest, and apparently one of the wealthiest Life Companies in the United States, has failed and gone into bankruptcy. Those who have policies in it, and others who own stock, are greatly alarmed at the news. The cause of the failure is said to be the great depreciation in the values of real estate and securities, in which the Company had large investments.

THE TYPE THAT "SET UP."—Our constitution must have left out that clause which authorizes the election of a president by throwing out ballots.

DOMESTIC ITEMS.

Edited by Campbell & Miller.

A LETTER FROM SANTA CLAUS.

Dear Mr. Gentry:—Yours is a region of wondrous plenty. It is a land flowing with milk and honey, mingled with whisky and cod liver oil. Your fields yield abundant harvests to the labor of the husbandman. Your cattle live upon a thousand hills, and your pigs squeal in cozy slaughter-pens numerous as the sands upon a very sizable sea shore. Your tables are abundantly spread in the presence of your enemies; and your cups run over with blessings and mercies, such as honest old, old mocha, young hyson and gin cocktails. Verily, goodness and mercy follow your people every day, like Mary's juvenile mutton in the Second Reader; therefore, whereas and resolved, I do appoint and ordain, set aside and lay hands upon you as my Agent and Quartermaster General, in the Department of Sweet Things, Fruits, Goods, and Fireworks, for the approaching Christmas and New Year. You are, therefore, commanded to immediately draw your requisitions on my numerous commissioners throughout the United States for enough Christmas Gifts for everybody in Lincoln county—rich and poor, high and low, Jack and the game.

SANTA CLAUS.

GENTRY'S REPLY.

Most Worshipful Mr. Claus:—In acknowledging your favor, I oh, for one vast Chimborazo of Eudolistic hyperbole—one word, big as all out-door, resplendent as a mountain in new tin pie-pans, complimentary as a legion of French dancing masters smothered in an ocean of sweet-smelling soap—Tranquilly successful, though deceptively magnificient, duntzingly delightful—that I might express my admiration of your princely generosity, and my gratitude for the appointment as "Head Quarters for the Distribution of Hon-yum-some Goodies," over so many worthy competitors. I have established my headquarters at Campbell & Miller's, and will be ready for distribution on the 20th.

Reverentially and obediently yours,

KRIS GENTRY.

Let it be remembered that we don't keep in trumpet, jumping Jacks, dandy-Jims, snuff-boxes and writing desks, but we intend to carry out old Santa's instructions in candy goods, fruits, fire-works, and sweet things generally for the holidays.

A list of Christmas presents for your wife: Handsome chamber set, \$3.50; kitchen castor filled with aromatic spices, \$1.; enterprise coffee-mill, \$2.50; fire-works to keep the children out of the fire, \$1.; nice clothes hamper, \$5.; set of Rodger's knives, \$6.; set of silver-plated spoons, \$3.; and numerous other common sense articles.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but when they once get at it, they pulverize the moral sausage finely.

Mr. Victoria, by grace of God, is a million and a half, and a million more, Queen of Great Britain, Ireland and one side of Niagara falls, now uses oval Turkish bath soap at one dollar a dozen. No lie about it—the soap.

Did you ever reflect upon the admirable wisdom of that Providence, which ripens raisins, bananas, candy-apples, turkeys, mince-pies, the trumpet and fire-crackers, every year, just in time for Christmas?

The delay in the presidential election does not justify the delay of settling sixty day accounts.

Because Tilden was counted out is no reason why the little folks should be debarred of their Christmas nickels.

We are now receiving the biggest stock

of fire-works ever in Stanford, and the "old folks" say we children shall have a jolly celebration on Christmas day and night without fear of too many ordinances or brass-bottomed policemen. Rush for Christmas, Santa Claus and Re-readymobiles.

Tilden's inauguration may be doubtful, but there is no sort of doubt about our Oval Turkish Bath Soap being the best and cheapest toilet soap in America. Ten cents each, or one dozen for a dollar.

We are constantly adding to our already large stock of iron and woodwork,

blacksmith's supplies etc., and urgently invite an examination. Ware room in basement of Vanarsdale's brick.

A first-class riding bridle for \$1.25. A very fine riding bridle, with wrought bit, for \$2.00.

A nice Tea Canister and one pound of prime Green Tea, for one dollar.

New stock of fancy candies, nuts, fruits, and sweetmeats generally.

We take especial care to keep our stock of Fancy Groceries complete and fresh.

Fresh pickles, chow-chow, mustard, salad dressing, celery salt, flavoring extracts, acids, spices, raisins, currants, citrons, etc., sold at regular grocery margins.

FORSEN Baker's Chocolate, Cox's Gelatine, Royal Decoated Cocomat, Durkee's Salad Dressing, Swede's Corn Starch, National A. C. Cream, Tartar, Lemon Sugar, etc., received lately.

THE POSITION of blacksmiths is called to our new home nail, the Stox. Price per box, \$1.50. It is a perfect nail, and of uniform size.

Blacksmiths will do well to get our prices in Iron, Steele, Nails, Shoes, Pew Milled, Bolts, Raps, etc.

Fourteen bushels of Irish potatoes will buy a farm bell.

Two hundred and fifty pounds of good flour will buy a farm bell.

Our farm bells are fully warranted for one year.

A large and comprehensive Stock of Bridles, Collars, Lines, Curb and Buck Straps, Head stalls, Reins, Snaps, best Whips, etc., all offered cheaper than ever.

A beautiful Stock of Japanned Chamber Sets, etc., from \$2.50 to \$4.00.

Buggy Wheels from \$9 to \$12 a set; Buggy Shafts from 75 cents to \$1.50 per pair. The largest stock of Iron, Shoes, Nails, &c., ever brought to Stanford.

OUR SOMERSET LETTER.

Somerset, Ky., Dec. 8, 1876.

ED. INTERIOR JOURNAL:

It has been some time since you

heard from the "DUTCHMAN," but

that's no sign that I'm dead. I have

been so busy supplying my many cus-

tomers with the necessities, substan-

tiels and luxuries of life, that I have

not had time, and only take time now

to request you to inform your readers

that as extensive and varied as my

stock now is, I am constantly receiv-

ing new and fresh additions. The la-

test receipts are: HANDBEAD AND

STYLISH CUSTOM-MADE SUITS,

GENTS' UNDERWEAR, BOOTS AND

SHOES, DRY GOODS of every vari-

ety, from the NICEST SILK to the

PRETTIEST PRINT, CROCKERY,

GLASSWARE, FRESH GROCERIES

BOTH STAPLE AND FANCY, CAN-

NED GOODS, &c. &c. The little folks

have been thought of too, and as

Christmas is fast approaching, every

thing that can add to their enjoyment

will be found constantly on hand. In

fact, anything you can call for can

be had at the Dutchman's. I cordial-

ly invite the public to examine my

stock, and if I don't convince the

most skeptical that I sell better goods

at lower prices than any house in

Somerset, THEN I GIVES THEM

AWAY. Dot's so.

Hurrah for Tilden! "Aint it?"

Tours, in haste.

The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, December 6, 1876.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

FRESH Oysters this week at Carson & Dodd's.

LATEST style Jewelry at Anderson & McRoberts'.

LARGEST lot of Perfumery at Anderson & McRoberts'.

PHYSICIANS Prescriptions a specialty at Chenuault's Drug Store.

ANDERSON & MCROBERTS have a superior lot of Cigars and Tobacco.

JUST received a large lot of mottos, by Anderson & McRoberts.

A SUPERIOR article of Fine Cut Tobacco for sale by Anderson & McRoberts.

SPLENDID new stock of Lamps for sale cheap, at Anderson & McRoberts'.

A COMPLETE stock of Window Glass for sale cheap, Anderson & McRoberts'.

ANDERSON & MCROBERTS have a new supply of Pistols and Pocket Knives.

FIREFWORKS of every description, for Christmas, for sale by Anderson & McRoberts.

POWDER and shot can be bought cheaper of Anderson & McRoberts' than of any firm in town.

A WELL assorted lot of Brushes and Combs, and Tooth-Brushes at Anderson & McRoberts'.

FARMERS' Western Farmers' Almanac now ready for 1877. Call at Anderson & McRoberts' for them.

McROBERTS, of Anderson & McRoberts, has gone to Cincinnati for a large lot of Toys, &c., for Christmas.

SEWING Machine Attachments, for Machines, kept. Needles, four for 25cts, at Anderson & McRoberts.

WATCHES and Jewelry of all kinds at 25 per cent less than Cincinnati or Louisville prices, at E. R. Chenuault's.

THE most complete stock of Drugs ever brought to Stanford, at E. R. Chenuault's. Prices as low as the lowest.

Dont Pay Peddlers two prices when you can buy the best spectacle made, at E. R. Chenuault's at \$2.50 per pair.

ANDERSON & MCROBERTS have a large and complete stock of Books for the Common School, at publisher's prices.

GO to E. R. Chenuault's for your School Books. The largest and most complete stock ever brought to Stanford, at publisher's prices.

ANDERSON & MCROBERTS have the cheapest stock of Note Paper, Letter Paper, Legal Paper, and Envelopes ever brought to this market.

PHARMACEUTICAL preparations and Physicians' prescriptions carefully and neatly prepared, at all hours, day or night, by Anderson & McRoberts.

WE have been informed by persons in whom we place implicit confidence, that the instruments manufactured by Mr. Daniel F. Beatty of the BEATTY PIANO and Beatty's Golden Tongue Parlor Organ, at Washington, N. J., are constructed of the best materials and workmanship who have been in his employ for years, and are noted for the great interest they take in promoting and maintaining the already enviable reputation of his instruments. His advertisements appear in this issue of our paper; it would be well for persons interested to examine them.

GO to Bohon & Stagg's for Pure Drugs, Patent Medicines, best Whiskies, Brandies and Wines for medicinal uses, Miscellaneous and School Books, Stationery of all kinds, Pocket Knives, Glasses and Buttons, Powder, Shot, Can Fishing Tackle, finest Cheesing and Smoking Tobacco, Cigars, Laundry and Toilet Soaps, large assortment Handkerchief Extracts, Combs and Brushes, Window Glass, Mirrors, Laundry and Fixtures. Picture frames and Moldings, Folding Hat Stands, Paint and Oils of all kinds and kinds. Prescriptions carefully filled at any hour, day and night.

WONDERFUL SECRET.—It is reported that Boscombe's OGRANIN Syrup has since its introduction in the United States, received the immense sale of 40,000 dozen per year. Over 6,000 Druggists have ordered this medicine direct from the Factory, at Woodbury, N. J., and not one has reported a single failure, but every letter speaks of exceeding, generous, and safe manner in which to transact business with him. He warrants his instruments for six years. See his advertisement.

LOCAL NEWS.

QUARTERLY COURT will begin next Monday.

REV. GEO. O. BARNES will preach in the court-house next Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

THE two Masonic Lodges in Stanford have united, and the union makes a large and excellent Lodge. There are said to be some excellent "workmen" in it.

MR. J. B. OWENS of this place, has 30 extra thoroughbred Red Berkshire Pigs for sale. He will fill orders for them at any time, either in pairs or for single pig. His prices for pairs is \$20; for choice single pig, \$10 to \$15.

A LADY of this place received a letter recently, from one of the families who left here for Texas just before the November election, and they speak in great pride of their new home, and express themselves highly pleased with their prospects.

THE centre counter in the spacious store house of the Hayden Brothers is piled high with one of the most complete and elegant stocks of winter clothing on the bank of the river. In that single line of merchandise alone we have been informed that they have sold over \$1,500 worth this season.

THE ice harvest hereabouts has been as fine as we have once in a decade. All who have houses have filled them with ice from three to five inches thick. Mr. Barrow, who has two large houses on the bank of his clear, nice pond, filled them by means of block and tackle, and the process was cheap and rapid. This great summer luxury ought to be very cheap next year.

SHELBY CITY will have a formidable rival when the C. S. R. R. shall have been completed. A village has already sprung up at a point where this new road crosses the Knoxville Branch.

WE learn that several buildings were destroyed by fire, in Danville, yesterday morning. We could not get the particulars.

ALL Sunday school children should be sure to attend the Panoramic Exhibition at the Court House next Wednesday night.

MISSES LIZZIE PEACOCK, Alma Wherry, and Lou Marrs, of Lancaster, returned home yesterday from a visit of some days to Miss Fannie Burnside, of this place.

WE issue a Supplement this week containing the President's Message and the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, which were sent to both houses of Congress last Tuesday.

HEREAFTER, B. F. Camden, the mill contractor, will make three trips a week between this point and Somersett, with his coach, leaving Stanford every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, and return from Somersett the following days. The traveling public may rest assured that Mr. Camden will furnish them good and comfortable coaches, and horses, and trusty drivers.

THERE will be a panoramic exhibition at the Court House on next Wednesday night, which will entertain and edify all who may attend. Among the views exhibited will be the new bridge over the Kentucky river, built by the Cincinnati Rail-road Company. It is the highest bridge in the world, and it is worth the price of admission to see the picture.

NOW let the counties of Estill and Lee do their duty in subscribing for the Richmond, Irvine and Three Forks railroad.

AS Madison county has cheerfully subscribed \$250,000 to the road, there should be a united effort on the part of all the other counties through which the road will be built to follow the good example.

IN part of the State are greater prospects ahead than in that portion through which this proposed road will be built. Iron, coal, clay, metals, and earth will contribute to wealth of the State generally. A small tax, comparatively, upon each tax-payer of the counties through which the corporation proposes to run a road, will be sufficient to build it from Richmond to the terminus of the road. After the road shall have been built, hundreds of the citizens of the counties through which it will pass, will find abundant labor at a fair price.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP ITEMS

Gabe Lackey sold, to Uriah Dunn, 17 head of cattle, weight, 1,288, at 4 cents.

John Offutt, of Shelby, has sold his hogs at \$6.00 each, to be delivered 15th. This is the best sale yet reported.—[True Kentuckian.]

TO find how many barrels of corn there are in a wagon, multiply the length, breadth and depth in feet, and divide product by eleven.

Chris Lions sold to Ferguson, Kenedy & Co., of Bourbon county, 30 head of cattle.

WE learn that a spirit of belligerency seemed to brood within the breasts of quite a number of our countrymen who were in town last Monday.

We heard of four or five distinct broods, one of which was in anywise serious,

however, and in each of them could be traced the footsteps of John Barleycorn.

Pulling, slapping, faces, and other innocent modes of insult were adopted in lieu of pistol and knife.

THE large sign hung out from the second story of the store house of the Hayden Brothers, reads as follows: "Furniture Up Stairs." And if you want to examine or purchase anything in that line, from a mattress to a full set of chamber furniture, as handsome and durable as can be made, and cheaper than you can buy them in the city markets, the risk of having them damaged in shipment considered. Just call in and either of the Haydens Brothers, or their affable salesmen, Mr. J. Owles Dunn, will take pleasure in waiting on you whether you want to buy or simply look at something handsome and cheap.

WE learn that a private enterprise is on foot to clear out the obstructions, such as rock, snags, etc., in the East Fork of the Cumberland river, so as to make that stream above the junction of the two which form the main river, navigable for flat-boats during the greater part of the year. If that much needed work were done, there would be hundreds of thousands of tons of coal, etc., floated down the East Fork every year to the C. S. R. which crosses the Cumberland river near the fork. The particulars of the enterprise will be made known soon, and contractors will have an opportunity to bid on the work.

ROBEZLEY, a young man from Garrard county, came over here last Monday and indulged freely in liquor, which gave him an appetite for blood. Meeting a negro man in the road near Richmond Junction the two got into a sudden and foolish quarrel, during which profane and rough talk was used by both, whereupon Beazley drew a revolver and shot the negro, John Wallace, twice—in the arm and once in the leg. The wounds are quite painful, but not dangerous. Beazley was arrested and put in jail over night, but relatives came over from Garrard the next day and bailed him out, he having waived an examining trial. His bail was fixed at \$800 for his appearance at the next April term of the Lincoln Circuit Court.

LEWIS W. ALLENBURG, of the firm of Lewis & Allenburg, bought from Wm. Howard of the same county, nineteen Christmas cattle, averaging 1,900 pounds at five cents per pound. Also six more of the same kind from Wm. Howard of the same county. This stock is designed for the London market, and will be shipped to the above point alive.—[Paris Citizen.]

MESSRS. WEARE & EVANS, of Stanford

have paid out over \$12,000 for hogs in this week, all the same "little," and ten months old, which drew the beam at \$1,400, pounds, an average of 350. They were at 15,167, at 4½ cents.

Two car loads of thoroughbred berkshire hogs left here this week for the Louisville market. They will be slaughtered. It is a pity to kill such animals for food.

WE saw seven berkshire hogs weighed this week, all of the same "little," and ten months old, which drew the beam at \$1,400, pounds, an average of 350. They were at 15,167, at 4½ cents.

The last twelve female members of Hon. H. T. Megibben's Flock were sold at \$200 each.

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STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, December 9, 1876.

ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE.

Nellie Tyrrell was a very pretty girl, but very whimsical and impudent. She read novels all day, and felt deeply the gross injustice of fate, in not making her life like the lives of the heroines of fiction. Chestnut Farm was a miserable place, in Nellie's view, and not a bit like a manor, or a grange, or a castle. Nothing mysterious or tragic could ever happen on such prosaic ground, nor could anything extraordinary occur to any of the people who lived there.

Day after day the same monotonous drama was enacted. The A—train passed up in the morning and passed down again in the afternoon; but the passengers seemed to be always the same people, and certainly it was invariably the locomotive and train of cars. Here was breakfast, dinner and supper; twice a week John Mortimer paid a visit; occasionally some one else dropped in, and this set of incidents comprised the entire history of life.

Nellie was doomed to death. This lovely autumn afternoon she sat in the doorway of her uncle's pretty farmhouse, a book in her lap and rebellion in her heart. The wind was sweeping the red leaves from the trees, and the long, tedious summer was fast coming to an end.

"How much all this reminds me of my life!" mused Nellie. "I am growing old without ever having been young. From the instant we are born we begin to die; but some of us more rapidly than others. Good heaven, will there never be a change?"

"Nellie," said a little boy making a sudden appearance from the interior of the house, "Aunt Mary says you mustn't sit here, because it is too chilly. You will catch cold."

"I hope not," answered the young lady with infinite scorn. "I may come in presently."

"But she wants you to come in now," persisted little Frank, her mischievous brother.

"I shall come when it pleases me."

"That's rude, Nellie, and I don't tell auntie that. There's company in the parlor, and she told me not to tell you, and she wanted to surprise you, and they will be gone away soon if you don't come in," said Frank, with that defiance of grammatical proprieties which is the pleasant privilege of childhood.

"Company! Some bore, I dare say; but anything for a change. Nothing could be duller than sitting here."

So Miss Nellie went in. She found Aunt Mary younging with the hand-somest young man possible to imagine—tall, dark, slender, rather piratical looking, but on that account only the more attractive. He might have sat for Lord Byron's "Corsair" or "Lara"—in fact for anybody very wicked and very splendid in appearance. Aunt Mary rather stiffly introduced him as Mr. Lionel Chelmont. Nellie could hardly speak for embarrassment. Here was her ideal at last!

It presently appeared that Mr. Chelmont was an author. He was even now engaged upon a book, and, being desirous of rural solitude until he could finish it, he had called upon Aunt Mary to obtain board and lodging with her, if possible, or to obtain information where such accommodation in the vicinity could be had.

"It is so quiet here," he said in a thrilling modulated voice; "and quiet is what I seek. I have lived in such a whirl of excitement during the summer; that I am bent on trying the opposite extreme. Sick with pleasure, he almost longed for woe," as the poet says, and really the sentiment expressed my own feelings exactly."

"It is very dull in winter," said Aunt Mary.

"The duller the better," laughed Mr. Chelmont. "I don't have time for anything but my book. I should be under a load of obligations if you could accommodate me, and shan't be in the way at all; and as for the price, anything you like to ask will meet my views exactly."

He had such a careless, scornful way of speaking, that Nellie already half-loved him. This inference about what he was to pay was so romantic, and in such contrast with Aunt Mary's penurious ideas, and John Mortimer's greedy countings up of the shillings and pence! And how admirably he was dressed—at Chestnut Farm he looked out of place. His proper sphere would be a mighty castle of some kind—one of these amazing structures described in stories—with slaves around him, and all that sort of thing.

Aunt Mary finally decided to take him for a fortnight at least—his sojourn after that time to be longer, if mutually agreeable—"and payment," she coughed, rather grimly, "in advance." At this Nellie's ears tingled—it was really so coarse, she thought—but Mr. Chelmont said:

"Admirably business like! I respect that quality; for I haven't a particle of it in my composition. I scarcely know how to count my own money, and I never was able to learn the multiplication table."

So paid the fortnight's board in advance, and was established. Here was a change at least, and Nellie began to know something of happiness already.

At first Mr. Chelmont's book claimed a great deal of his attention; for he remained in his room nearly all the time. He showed the effect of his confinement, being pale and without appetite; but he was always lively and agreeable, and very soon Aunt Mary began to like him better than she could have ever believed would be the case.

She encouraged him to spend more of his leisure down-stairs, and thus it came to pass that very soon he began to employ all of it there. Sometimes he acted a little oddly; but Nellie said it was the eccentricity of genius, which explanation her aunt accepted as satisfactory. And so the time went on for Nellie a glorious dream.

The periodical interruptions of John Mortimer were the only disagreeable phases, for John was jealous. Nellie had been his affiance for two years—an interval of laborious pecuniary accumulation on his part—and this constant association with Mr. Chelmont was not relished by John, at all. He hated the author and the author despised him.

Mr. Chelmont soon made himself known in all the families for ten miles around. By means of tact and address he got up a great many social gatherings, and was the lion at all. He appeared to forget all about the quiet and retirement he had come to seek; for he took Nellie to a ball or party two or three nights each week. "Time," as he often said, "seemed to fly like the wind."

One evening John Mortimer's jealousy reached a crisis. He brought Miss Jennie Bell to a party where Nellie was to be with her usual attendant, hoping to irritate his betrothed into some decided action. He succeeded; but in a very unexpected manner, for Nellie, with a contemptuous laugh, said:

"John, you are only making a goose of yourself. I don't care a pin whom you flirt with."

He saw that she was speaking truth, and the next minute, with rare dignity, replied:

"Nellie, you are right. I have been playing the fool, it is true. I love you—God knows I do—better than my life; but you care no longer for me. Something tells me to warn you against that man; but I shall not tell you le with my advice, except to take proper care of yourself."

That very same night, coming home, Mr. Chelmont declared his passion, laid his heart and fortune such as it was (he did not know how much, he said)—at Miss Tyrrell's feet. She accepted him, and it was the happiest hour of her life.

Among the rest, a man was pulled from beneath the ruins of as mangled car, and through his side a huge splinter had been driven like an arrow. It was Lionel Chelmont.

Mr. Chelmont was taken to Chestnut Farm, and he recovered consciousness. Nellie, distracted with grief, was at his bedside.

His first words were—

"Send for my wife."

They thought him delirious, but it was not so. In this, his last hour, he told the truth, that he was a married man. He implored Nellie to forgive him, and it was the happiest hour of her life.

Mr. Chelmont died within a week.

He was buried in the churchyard of the little while afterward Mr. Chelmont's book was finished. He announced that he was obliged to go to town to put it to press.

"No end of a bore, my darling," he remarked to poor Nellie, pale and crying; "but such things are inexorable as fate. I shall return as soon as I can, and you may expect a letter from me every day."

The next morning the train bore him away, and as he passed Chestnut Farm in the train, he waived his handkerchief from the window; and, for the first time, Nellie felt an interest in the cars that so regularly sped by to and from the city A—.

Then came the old dead blank again. To Nellie the reaction was terrible. There were no more parties, no delicious merriment, nothing but dead calm.

Mr. Chelmont did not write so regularly as he had promised, nor were his letters very long. He said that business took up nearly all his time, but soon he hoped for better things; and this, with many ardent protestations of love, was the burden of all his correspondence.

John Mortimer came to the farm sometimes, but Nellie was very cool to him, and he seemed almost as miserable as herself.

After some weeks he unexpectedly stopped on his way from the village with a letter. Nellie recognized the handwriting, and tore it open with a beating heart. It read thus:

"MY DARLING.—Look for me every day. This is the last word you shall have from me until we are face to face. L."

She watched as patiently as the unhappy Mariana in her mortal grange. When he came he would take her away from this horrible place, and they would be married, and she would never set eyes upon the scenes of her wretchedness again. She counted the very minutes.

But after many more tiresome days the torture of delay grew unendurable. Spring had come, and all nature was lovely as it rose out of the winter's slumber. Nellie found no charm in it for her, but shuddered with disgust.

One beautiful afternoon she was sitting on the porch, melancholy and anxious, when a Mr. Green, the Wabash Rolling Mills, was seen in a fight with a garter snake. Mr. Green and several men got near and watched them fight for fifteen or twenty minutes. The hen made a pick at the snake's head, when, like a flash, the snake made a dive into the hen's mouth and wiggled itself entirely down. The hen began running sideways, and finally died. On cutting her open, the snake was found to be live yet. It was killed, and proved to be sixteen inches in length.

"Because I am tired to death! Oh, how I detest this dull place! I do wish something awful would happen—just to create an excitement and give us a change."

Nothing very awful could happen hereabouts, Nellie," sighed John, ruefully, as if he would like to get up an earthquake, or something equally terrible, for her gratification.

"No," snapped the young lady; "we can't even have a railroad-accident. The trains have been run by here

for ten years, and never yet have they failed to pass on time to the very minimum. I do wish somebody would put something on the track and throw the next train off."

"Nellie!" cried John, much shocked. "She laughed and blushed, and perhaps regretted that silly speech, and penitently began to be more agreeable. She even offered to go into the parlor, and sing John's favorite ballad for him. He insisted eagerly, and present was in the seventh heaven as he leaned upon the old piano and listened to his darling's angelic music.

In the midst of one of Nellie's songs, she and her companion were both startled by the sudden and shrill scream of a locomotive-whistle.

White, tremulous, and with beating hearts, they ran quickly out upon the porch. Suffering such anguish of flight as people felt but once in life-time, and without knowing for what reason, they instinctively glanced up the railroad track.

The train was smashing down the rail at terrific speed. The whistle shrieked again. Directly in the path of the engine lay a huge rock, which had rolled down the embankment.

The next moment the pilot of the locomotive struck it, the train jumped from the line and zigzagged a little further, there was a terrible crash, the cars crowded together, forming a chaotic mass, cries and shrieks of agony went up, and for the first time in its history there had happened an accident on the A—railroad.

John Mortimer hurried quickly to the scene. From a cloud of steam and debris, where lay the shattered locomotive, a human being emerged—a man whose head had boiled upon his shoulders while he was yet alive!

It was the engineer, hideously scalded, frantic with agony, but, unhappily for him, not dead.

Others crawled from the wreck.

Those who could set to work instantly to rescue such as were beyond the power of helping themselves. Some still breathed, but nearly all semblance to humanity was crushed out of them.

Among the rest, a man was pulled from beneath the ruins of as mangled car, and through his side a huge splinter had been driven like an arrow. It was Lionel Chelmont.

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The train was smashing down the rail at terrific speed. The whistle shrieked again. Directly in the path of the engine lay a huge rock, which had rolled down the embankment.

The next moment the pilot of the locomotive struck it, the train jumped from the line and zigzagged a little further, there was a terrible crash, the cars crowded together, forming a chaotic mass, cries and shrieks of agony went up, and for the first time in its history there had happened an accident on the A—railroad.

John Mortimer hurried quickly to the scene. From a cloud of steam and debris, where lay the shattered locomotive, a human being emerged—a man whose head had boiled upon his shoulders while he was yet alive!

It was the engineer, hideously scalded, frantic with agony, but, unhappily for him, not dead.

Others crawled from the wreck.

Those who could set to work instantly to rescue such as were beyond the power of helping themselves. Some still breathed, but nearly all semblance to humanity was crushed out of them.

Among the rest, a man was pulled from beneath the ruins of as mangled car, and through his side a huge splinter had been driven like an arrow. It was Lionel Chelmont.

Mr. Chelmont was taken to Chestnut Farm, and he recovered consciousness. Nellie, distracted with grief, was at his bedside.

His first words were—

"Send for my wife."

They thought him delirious, but it was not so. In this, his last hour, he told the truth, that he was a married man. He implored Nellie to forgive him, and it was the happiest hour of her life.

Mr. Chelmont died within a week.

He was buried in the churchyard of the little while afterward Mr. Chelmont's book was finished. He announced that he was obliged to go to town to put it to press.

"No end of a bore, my darling," he remarked to poor Nellie, pale and crying; "but such things are inexorable as fate. I shall return as soon as I can, and you may expect a letter from me every day."

The next morning the train bore him away, and as he passed Chestnut Farm in the train, he waived his handkerchief from the window; and, for the first time, Nellie felt an interest in the cars that so regularly sped by to and from the city A—.

